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INTEMPERANCE.

PARALLEL BETWEEN
INTEMPERANCE
AND THE
SLAVE-TRADE.

BY HEMAN HUMPHREY, D. D.
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There is a domestic tyrant now traversing the fairest districts of our country—consuming its young and vital energies; treading down the blossom of its hopes; undermining its free institutions; setting at defiance all its authorities; multiplying energies of torture; fencing off graveyards, and breathing pestilence upon every acre of goodly heritage. This man-devouring shape,

"If shape it may be called, which shape has none,
"Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
— — — — — — —
"Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,

is INTEMPERANCE. "Other lords have had dominion over us," but here is the very Nero of the horrid dynasty, and we must dethrone the despot, or we are lost. If we sit still but a little longer, and look quietly on, while this scourge is raging like a tempest of fire in all our borders, the fourth of July will indeed come; but we shall have no independence to celebrate. Our liberties will exist only in the song of the drunkard. *Fuit Illium*, (that THEY WERE.) will be written upon all the monuments of our glory.

I have long thought, that in this state of things, a great advantage might be gained by comparing intemperance with some other terrible scourge of humanity which has fallen under deep and universal reprobation. Such a scourge is the African Slave-trade; and the position which I mean to take is this, *that the prevalent use of ardent spirits in the United States, is a worse evil at this moment than the slave trade ever was in the height of its horrible prosperity.*

The bare mention of the slave-trade is enough to excite indignation and horror in every breast that is not twice dead to humanity.—The wretch who should be accessary to a foreign traffic in human flesh, and sinews, and torment, would be branded with eternal infamy, if not hunted as a monster from the face of civilized society. And yet, I repeat it, *intemperance is worse than the slave-trade*—is heavier with wo, and guilt, and death—both being "laid in the balances together."

The principal ingredients of suffering and crime in the slave-trade, are, the infernal ambush—the midnight attack and conflagration of peaceful villages—the massacre of helpless age and imploring infancy—the stripes, and manacles, and thousand unutterable cruelties inflicted between the place of capture and embarkation—the horrors of the middle passage—the shambles prepared for the famine-stricken survivors on a foreign shore—the separation of husbands and wives, mothers and children, under the hammer and branding-iron—the mortality of seasoning, amid stripes, and hunger, and malaria:—to which must be added, the dreadful accumulation of heart-breaking remembrances and forebodings, incident to a state of hopeless bondage of themselves and their posterity, in a strange and hated land.

And can any thing be worse? Can any guilt, or misery, or peril, surpass that of the slave-trade? Yes, I answer, intemperance in the United States is worse, is a more blighting and deadly scourge to humanity, than that traffic, all dripping with gore, which it makes every muscle shudder to think of.

First; look at the *comparative aggregate of misery*, occasioned by the slave-trade on one hand, and intemperate drinking on the other.—The result of this comparison will obviously depend upon the number of victims to each, the variety, intensity, and duration of their sufferings, bodily and mental; together with the degree and extent to which their friends and relations are made to suffer on their account. I am aware that the parallel does not admit of mathematical precision; neither does the nature of the argument require it.

To begin, then, with the *number* of victims on both sides, as nearly as it can be ascertained. According to Mr. Clarkson, and other good anthorities, not far from 100,000 slaves have been shipped from the coast of Africa in a single year. This was the estimate for 1786; and of these, about 42,000 were transported in British vessels. The period in question, however, was one of the most afflictive and disgraceful activity; when the English, French, Dutch, Portuguese, and Danes, seemed most eagerly to vie with each other in driving the infernal traffic. Probably the average shipment of slaves, for 20 years immediately preceding the act of abolition by the British Parliament, may have ranged from from *seventy to seventy-five thousand.* What proportion fell to our share it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to determine.—But when it is considered how many other great markets were then open, we can hardly suppose that more than 25,000 were consigned to the United States. My own belief is, that the average did not exceed 20,000; but, to make the case as strong as it will bear against the slave trade, let the number be raised to 30,000; making an aggregate of 150,000 in five years, or 300,000 in ten years. What a multitude of men, women, and children, to go into captity, and wear the yoke of slavery, for ever!

But we must follow these miserable beings a step further, and inquire for them in the bills of mortality. According to the most authentic estimates which I have been able to find, the number of deaths, during the middle passage, varies from *six* to *fifteen* per cent. In some extraordinary cases it has gone up to *thirty*, or even higher. But the average, taking one year with another, may be put down at ten, or twelve deaths in a hundred, before the slaves reach the great shambles, to which, like beasts of burden, they are consigned. Suppose, then, that our share in the infamous traffick cost from *three* to *four* thousand lives annually in the middle passage, and from *eight* to *ten* thousand more in the two first years of servitude. This, indeed, must have been, considering the cause of it, a most horrible mortality.

But let us inquire whether at least as many thousands are not enslaved and destroyed by a more ruthless enemy of happiness and of life. According to the recent calculations of Mr. Palfrey and others, which I believe an exact census would more than verify, *thirty-six thousand* new victims are yearly snared, and taken, and enslaved by strong drink. *Thirty-six thousand* perish by the hand of this fell destroyer, and of course it requires an equal number of fresh recruits to keep the drunkard's knell still sounding through the land.

The parallel, then, as nearly as it can be ascertained, stands thus. Shipment of slaves, say in 1786, from *twenty-five* to *thirty thousand.* Brought into a worse bondage, by intemperance, in 1828, *thirty-six thousand.* Deaths by the slave-trade, from *ten* to *fifteen thousand*—by ardent spirits, *thirty-six thousand!* Thus, where the slave-trade opened *one* grave, hard drinking opens *three.*

Again; as intemperance holds this "bad pre-eminence" over the slave-trade in point of *numbers*, so I am persuaded it does in the aggregate of human *misery* which it inflicts.

Go, then, with me to that long-abused continent, where the first act of this infernal tradegy is acted over every month, and you will gain some faint idea of the atrocities which it unfolds. In that thicket crouches a human tiger; and just beyond it you hear the joyous voices of children at their sports. The next moment he springs upon his terrified prey—nor sister nor mother shall ever see them more. On the right hand you hear the moans of the captive, as he goes bleeding to his doom; and on the left, a peaceful village flashes horror upon the face of midnight; and as you approach the scene of conflagration, you behold the sick, the aged, and the infant, either writhing in the fire where they lay peacefully down; or, attempting to escape, you see them forced back into the flames, as not worth the trouble of driving to market. And then, O what shrieks from the bursting hearts of the more unhappy survivors! What agonies in the rending of every tie! What lacerations, what fainting, what despair, wait on every step, and afflict the heavens which light them on their way to bondage! How many would die, if they could, before they have been an hour in the hands of those incarnate dæmons who are hurrying them away!

Shall I attempt to describe the horrors of the *middle passage*—the miseries which await these wretched beings in crossing the ocean? I have no pencil, nor colors for such a picture. But see them literally packed alive, by hundreds, in a floating and pestilential dungeon—manacled to the very bone, under a treble-ironed hatchway—tormented with thirst, and devoured by hunger—suffocated in their own breath—chained to corpses, and maddened by despair to the rending of all their heart-strings. See mothers and young girls, and even little children, seeking refuge in the caverns of the deep, from the power of their tormentors; and not to be diverted from their purpose by the hanging and shooting of such as have failed in similar attempts. Behold the sick and the blind struggling amid the waves into which avarice has cast them, and shrieking, in the jaws of the shark, for the unpardonable crime of having sunk under their tortures, and lost their marketable value on the voyage. See them headed up in water casks, and thrown into the sea, lest they should be found and liberated by the merciful cruiser.

The foregoing is a mere extract from the blood-stained records of the slave-trade. Who then will undertake to sum up the amount of human misery which is wafted by the reluctant and wailing winds upon the complaining waters, to be chained and scourged, to pine and die in the great western house of bondage?

But while intemperance mixes ingredients equally bitter in the cup of trembling and wo which it fills up to the brim, it casts in others, which the slave-trade never mingled—for it fetters the immortal mind as well as the body. It not only blisters the skin, but scorches the vitals. While it scourges the flesh, it tortures the conscience. While it cripples the wretch in every limb, and boils away his blood, and ossifies its channels, and throws every nerve into a dying tremor, it also goes down into the unsounded depths of human depravity, and not only excites all the passions to fierce insurrection against God and man, but kindles a deadly civil war in the very heart of their own empire.

Who can enumerate the diseases which intemperance generates in the brain, liver, stomach, lungs, bones, muscles, nerves, fluids, and whatever else is susceptible of disease, or pain, in the human system? How rudely does it shut up, one after another, all the doors of sensation; or, in the caprice of its wrath, throw them all wide open to every hateful intruder! How, with a refinement of cruelty almost peculiar to itself, does it fly in the face of its victims, and hold their quivering eye-balls in its fangs, till they abhor the light and swim in blood!

Mark that curbuncled, slavering, doubtful remnant of a man, retching and picking tansy before sunrise—loathing his breakfast—getting his ear bored to the door of a dram shop an hour after—disguised before ten—quarrelling by dinner time, and snoring drunk before supper. See him next morning at his retching, and his tansy again; and, as the day advances, becoming noisy, cross, drivelling, and intoxicated. Think of his thus dragging out months and years of torture, till the earth refuses any longer to bear such a wretch upon its surface, and then tell me, if any Barbadian slave was ever so miserable.

But who is this that comes hobbling up, with bandaged legs, inflamed eyes, and a distorted countenance? Every step is like the piercing of a sword, or the driving of a nail among nerves and tendens. And what is the cause? The *humors*, he tells us, trouble him; and though he has applied to all the doctors far and near, he can get no relief. Ah, these wicked and inveterate humors! Every body knows where they came from. But for the bottle, he might have been a sound and healthy man. He may live as long, possibly, as he would in a sugar-house at Jamaica; but to grind more miserably in the prison which he he has built at his own expenso, and in manacles which his own hands have forged.

Look next at that wretched hovel, open on all sides to the rude and drenching intrusion of the elements. The panting skeleton, lying as you see, upon a little straw in the corner, a prey to consumption, was once the owner of yonder comfortable mansion, and of that farm so rich in verdure and in sheaves. He might have owned them still, and have kept his health too, but for the love of strong drink.—It is intemperance which has consumed his substance, riotted upon his flesh and his marrow, and shortened his breath, and fixed that deep sepulchral cough in his wasting vitals.—Was ever a kidnapped African more wretched in his Alantic dungeon? But your sympathies come too late. Perhaps you sold him the very poison which has brought him to this—or it went out sparkling from your distillery to the retailer, and thence into the jug, half concealed by the tattered garment of the victim, as he carried it home to his starving family.

Go next to the almshouse, and tell me whether you recognise that dropsical figure, lingering, from week to week, under the slow torments of strangulation. How piercing are his shrieks, as if he was actually drowning. He was once your neighbor, thrifty, reputable, and happy—but he yielded to the blandishments of the great destroyer. He drank, first, temperately, then freely, then to excess, and finally, to habitual inebriation. The consequences are before you. The swelling flood in which he catches every precarious breath, no finite power can long assuage. The veriest wretch, chained and sweltering between decks in a Portugese Guineaman, is not half so miserable.

Leaving him to be cast a wreck by the angry waters upon the shore of eternity; enter that hut, toward which a solitary neighbor is advancing with hurried steps. There a husband and a father is supposed to be dying.—The disease is *delirium tremens.* Every limb and muscle quivers as in the agonies of dissolution. Reason, having been so often and so rudely driven from her seat by habitual intoxication, now refuses to return. Possibly he may be reprieved, to stagger on a little further into his ignominious grave; but who that is bought and sold, and thrown into the sea, for the crime of being sable and sick, suffers half so much as this very slave?

In passing the Insane Hospital, just look through the grated window, at the maniac in his strait-jacket—gnashing his teeth, cursing his keepers, withering your very soul by the flashes of his eye, disquieting the night with cries of distress, or more appaling fits of laughter. Here you see what it is for the immortal mind to be laid in ruins by the worse than volcanic belchings of the distillery, and what happens every day from these Tartarean eruptions. *(To be continued.)*

RELIGIOUS.

EXTRORDINARY CONVERSION OF AN INFIDEL.

[The following narrative is extracted from "the Epistolary Correspondence of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, and Dr. French Laurence." The editor of that publication has inserted it in a note, from an anxiety, "that so valuable a document should not be lost to the public." It was written by Mr. Rogers, then vicar of Warminster; and addressed in a letter to the Bishop of Salisbury.]

Upon my first being placed in this large and populous parish, by Bishop Sherlock, it was not only my duty, but at the same time my pleasure, to get acquainted with, and be informed of, the characters, dispositions, and opinions of those whom I was to instruct. Among them I soon found a gentlemen, much respected for his sense and understanding, (Mr. John French,)* and looked upon as an oracle within the circle of his acquaintance. He was tolerably well skilled in the mathematics, and read the classics with ease. It was very rare, and somewhat extraordinary must have happened, if ever he neglected attending church on Sundays. He always brought with him his Greek Testament, in which he read, with the minister, the several portions of Scripture, as they were appointed. But I soon learnt, that all his friends held him to be a rank Deist; and quickly discovered, that at church the One Supreme God was the sole object of his faith and worship: for whenever the "Gloria Patri" was said or sung, I could not but observe his inattention, by wiping his spectacles, shutting his book, gazing about him, or the like. The same was observable at the repeating of either of the creeds. He was, however, always decent, and whatever were his particular notions, he never troubled the world with them. I lived with him in strict harmony and friendship many years, almost eighteen. He had many moral excellencies; and was, in particular, very charitable, and much beloved by the poor.—He would never enter upon any religious points; and if at any time they happened to be started, was generally silent, or at the most, said but little. We styled him the "Philosopher;" a character he much affected, both in his garb and carriage; being altogether careless in the one, and not a little unpolished in the other. About six months since, his health began to be impaired, and his decline seemed to be coming on apace. I watched every opportunity to get at his religious notions, and instil others. Unhappilly for him, he was too reserved, (as he afterwards confessed;) nor could he venture to open his mind to me, when he could not but know that his end was drawing near. He died on Friday. The Monday previous I went to see him, purposely to lay hold on any favourable opportunity that might offer of my inculcating the necessity and importance of faith. But I left him as I found him, fully convinced in my own mind, that he was resolved to leave the world in the faith of those principles he had embraced, whatever they were, without communicating them to me or any one else. I did not, however, think his time so very near as it afterwards proved, for he walked out and dined abroad the next day, and "better" was his reply to all who kindly asked how he was. On the Thursday following, in the afternoon, as I was visiting another sick person, three messengers came after me, on the heels of each other, to hasten me to him. They all urged he was impatient to see me immediately. I soon went, and found him sitting by his fire, in his chair, as usual. He thanked me for coming, hoped it was not inconvenient, and then calmly desired me to do my office by him. I asked him what part? His answer was, to administer to him the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.—This gave me the opportunity I had long wished for; I immediately put the following question to him, viz: Whether he renounced those principles he must know himself to be charged with; of which too he could not suppose me to be ignorant; and whether he embraced the faith of a crucified Saviour, Jesus, through whom alone he could be saved? With a becoming warmth, he replied, "I do." And with indignation he added, that he renounced and abhored those principles that had, all his days, misled him; withal reflecting on the folly and unhappy circumstances of those who build their hopes of security on the moral fitness of things. "In proof of my sincerity, sir," says he, pointing to the fire, "you see the ashes of two books, not quite consumed: they are the remains of two that have helped to mislead me. (Woolston against the Miracles, and a volume of Deistical Tracts.) I intended to have burnt them before you as a mark of my sincerity, but was impatient with resentment against their contents; and will, if it please God I ever get to my closet again, where are more of the same stamp, burn the remainder." Thus, from the fall of Deism, an opening was given to me to implant the saving truths of the gospel. To inculcate its truths, indeed, was needless: he had read, heard, and fully remembered them; and to enforce them in their spiritual sense, here the grace of God prevented me; for I had no sooner attempted it, than he freely acknowledged, that he had found and felt the power of the gospel of Christ unto salvation.—He found, he said, all other schemes ineffectual, and the gospel alone efficacious to his comfort and support. He then witnessed, *as to place* and *posture*, wherein it pleased God to illuminate his understanding, to embrace those saving truths he had long rejected; and he rejoiced in the light thereof. Here, again, he repeated his desire of being made partaker of the body and blood of Christ in the Sacrament; joining issue with me in one great truth, which he remembered at times to have heard me inculcate from the pulpit,—that no true, sincere Christian could ever abstain from that ordinance,—and which he promised never to neglect again, (as he hoped, in sincerity,) if it were God's will to give him life; which he did not expect.—More passed, much to the same purpose. In fine, my answer was, (not apprehending his end to be so very near,) that the morning was the best time for such an act of faith; when, if he persevered in the same pious and devout frame of mind, I would attend him early. So I left him for that night, after having commended him in prayer to God. Friday morning, at nine o'clock, I accordingly attended him, not a little surprised to find him so weak, as to be unable to rise out of his bed. I found him, however, quite composed, much rejoiced to see me, and full of the same good thoughts I had left him in the night before, still earnestly desirous of receiving what he had all his days rejected. I then administered to him the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which he received with all the outward marks of faith and devotion, and as he was pleased to tell me, with the highest satisfaction and comfort. Being engaged to visit, and to do the same office by another sick person, the same morning, I soon left him to God and his own thoughts; with a promise to call upon him morning and evening as long as he lived. But I saw him no more: for about three o'clock in the afternoon, after having said to those about him, he thought he should not live to see me fulfil the kind promise I had made to him, he expired without a groan.

Such was the conversion of Mr. John French; justly, I think, so called beyond many modern ones the world has of late been made acquainted with: a marvellous work of God, as it must be acknowledged to have been. To him be the glory given; and may a light degree of light break in upon the hearts of all others, who are as yet in unbelief; that they may all be brought to the acknowledgement of the truth as it is in Jesus.—*Little's Magazine.*

October, 1760.

* The grandfather by the mother's side, of Dr. French Laurence.

MORNING PRAYER.

"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning."

"And when we think of the day before us, how much is there to awaken concern! And what is *our* concern without the attention of God? He shall therefore in the morning hear, not only the voice of praise, but the voice of prayer.

"Who is to guide me through the day upon which I have entered? How much depends upon one mistake in my movements? And how easily may I go astray? The way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. 'Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness in the morning, for in Thee do I trust; cause me to know the way wherein I should walk, for I lift up my soul unto Thee.'

"Who is to guard me through the day? And I am much more exposed when awake, than when asleep. My soul is more exposed—more exposed to sin—and sin is the greatest evil.—And what am I, to resist a corrupt heart, a wicked world, and all the powers of darkness? 'Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe. Be Thou my arm every morning; my salvation also in the time of trouble.'

"Who is to help me through the day? I have many duties to discharge. I am to live soberly, righteously, and godly. I am to walk in wisdom towards those that are without: I am to speak the truth in love: I am to adorn the doctrine of God my Saviour in all things. 'Lord, without Thee, I can do nothing. Let Thy grace be sufficient for me; and Thy strength made perfect in weakness."

"Who is to give me success in the business of the day? I know I ought not to be idle; but to be diligently and prudently employed in my lawful calling. Means are mine; but how much more is necessary than my wisdom and anxiety. 'The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich; and he addeth no sorrow with it.'—'Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman walketh but in vain. It is in vain for me to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrow; for so he giveth his beloved sleep.'

"Who is to prepare me for the events of the day? And I know not what the day may bring forth. Perhaps I may receive the most unwelcome intelligence. Perhaps I may sustain losses in property. Perhaps I may meet with mortifications from my fellow creatures: and be tried with disappointments in friends. My child may this day fall sick. The desire of mine eyes may be taken away with a stroke.—There may be but a step between me and death. It is wonderful we live a day through. May I know how to be abased, or how to abound. If in the world I have tribulation, in the Saviour may I have peace. So teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom—that whether I live, I may live unto the Lord, or whether I die, I may die unto the Lord: so that living or dying, I may be the Lord's.—*Jay.*

FAMILY WORSHIP BEFORE BUSINESS OF THE WORLD.

Not long since the writer of this article visited a family professedly pious; every movement accordod with their profession. At the time of family devotion all were arranged in usual order, and as the exercise of reading a portion of Scripture, introductory to prayers, was about to be commenced, a man in haste approached on business. He made known the object of his visit, and expressed a "desire to be immediately discharged.'i "Sit down, sir," said the man of the house, "and attend prayer with us, and then I will attend to your business." "But I am in great haste," replied the uneasy visitor, "and wish you now to attend to my request." "Be patient, sir," said the devoted Christian,—"Let your moderation be known to all men, and remember that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, and that nothing is lost in business by devoting a suitable portion of our time to the service of that great and good Being in whom we live, and from whose hand we receive every blessing." Having made these remarks, without further ceremony he commenced reading, and then prayed, and also the throne of grace was addressed by one of his daughters. Religious services being concluded, he immediately attended to the business, and readily discharged the man, who had now become apparently willing to wait a proper time.

We concluded this circumstance was worth noticing, as an example that well becomes all who are professors of Christianity, and have the charge of families. Many too frequently are diverted from the path of faithfulness and obedience by the wily plans of those who are enemies to the cross of Christ, Against such, Christians should be guarded.—*Morning Star.*

PLEA FOR THE BIBLE.

The following statement was recently presented by Rev. Dr. M'Auley, of New-York, in behalf of the Am. B. Society, before the General Association of Connecticut. The facts embraced in it we think of sufficient importance to demand an insertion in our columns.—*Christian Journal.*

The idea of supplying every family in the United States with a Bible, he remarked, was first suggested by the Auxiliary Bible Society of Washington county, N. Y. That Society expressed a wish that the Parent Institution would undertake this work, and offered, in case an effort was made, to raise $5,000. While the Executive Committee had this resolution before them, a gentleman from the West informed them that $7,000 was offered in that part of the country, to aid in effecting the object. Immediately a member of the Board pledged himself to give $5,000 more. When this project was first seriously discussed, it seemed even to the Committee to be impracticable and imprudent. But when they reflected on the spirit of the times, and the success which has attended similar efforts, and the great want of Bibles, and the bearing of such a measure on the religious, civil and social interests of the country, they were constrained to recommend it to the Society, and to trust in God and in the benevolence of their countrymen, to carry it into execution.

At first, it was apprehended that Bibles enough could not be furnished in two years, to give one to every destitute family—such is the length and breadth of the wants. But on examination it was found that with the 200,000 copies now in the Depository, the means of printing Bibles which had been previously provided, without any reference to this measure, were amply sufficient for the purpose. The present rate of printing is 1,000 copies per day—or about 300,000 per year; and the Society have eight power presses not yet in operation. It is estimated that at least 500,000 in the U. States are without any portion of the Scriptures; that 300,000 more have only some fragments of the New Testament—and 200,000 more have copies less imperfect, yet still not complete; while probably 200,000 families more would be unwilling to receive it. This would make the number of families in our country without the Bible, 1,200,000—and the number of copies necessary for distribution in the two years, 1,000,000. But our population is rapidly increasing—a large number of copies more will be necessary, before the close of the two years, to give a sufficient supply. The Society, however, can without difficulty, print as many copies as will be needed within that period. No difficulty then will arise from this source.

The great difficulty is not money—that can be obtained if the men suitable for the emergency can be found. Here is the pressure of the difficulty. Give us, said the speaker, twenty-four men of the right stamp; men who will devote all their heart and strength to the work, and we will accomplish it in one year. Or give us only twelve such men, and we will easily accomplish it in two years. A single individual, unaided, looked up the destitute—and supplied them with Bibles, in the county of Monroe, in six weeks, though their number was nearly 1500. All the destitute in New Jersey were supplied in fifteen weeks. These facts show that every state, county and town can be supplied without difficulty, if too long a time is not allowed for the work. Wherever a short time for the completion of the business has been fixed, it has been long enough. Where a long time has been fixed it has, in almost every case, been too short.

Several agents have already been obtained. Rev. Dr. Proudfit, of Salem, N. Y. has left his people for a year, to lend his aid in effecting the resolution. Another gentleman has taken Kentucky and (we believe) Indiana; another has been sent to Georgia.

The expense of the measure can be easily borne. If every member of the churches in the different denominations would contribute seventy-five cents, it would be enough. Some are poor, and might not be able to do even so much—but then many are able to do much more than this. As soon as it was known at the Bible Society's House that the resolution had passed, the females employed there immediately said, "Charity should begin at home," and raised their proportion of the sum—and within the day—(if we mistake not, within an hour)—more than $90 was in the hands of the Treasurer, the result of their contribution. A member of the Executive Committee, at a meeting last week, remarked, that as he was coming to the place he asked himself how much he would take for his Bible, if he could not procure another. "I began, said he, with dollars, and I went on to tens of dollars and to hundreds and to thousands of dollars, until the sum exceeded far all that I am worth; I do not know how much I value my Bible at—but this I know—I will give 5,000 dollars towards carrying into effect the resolution." The money can be furnished without difficulty, if the inclination is not wanting. "Just before I came to this place of worship, said the speaker, I wandered down to the grave-yard at the foot of the hill on which this house stands. And the thought rushed through my mind, that if placing a Bible on every grave would call from the dead one of ten of those that slumbered there, a Bible would be found on every grave long before the close of the week. There would be no difficulty in furnishing the funds—not a tongue would speak of the obstacles or complain of the expense. And when we look around on our country, what is it morally, but one wide place of graves—and what is the Bible, but the means of raising men from moral death?"

The obligations of the people of Connecticut to come forward in their strength in this work, was argued not only from the fact that their very peculiar privileges demand of them to be ready to promote every measure to extend these privileges to others—but especially from the fact that they have already done so much for the West. "You have been foremost, said he, in sending missionaries to the population extending from the lakes through all the Valley of the Mississippi; these missionaries have excited in their minds a desire for the Bible, and given them a promise of better things to come. This desire you are bound not to disappoint."

It was stated to be the wish of the Executive Committee of the American B. Society, that immediate measures should be taken by auxiliaries and by other Societies, to supply the destitute within their own limits, and then to come forward promptly in aiding to supply the regions that are more destitute and have less ability. It is recorded that when the two and a half tribes of Israel, pleased with the country on the other side Jordan, were desirous to receive it as their portion of the promised land, permission was given only on the condition that they went onward with their brethren, and helped them to gain a possession on this side. They did so—and leading on the war, they fought valiantly in subduing the nations of Canaan: then they returned and enjoyed their own inheritance. So it should be in this enterprise, with the Christians in the United States.

The General Association passed a resolution approving of the attempt to supply every family in the United States, with a Bible, and recommending to the ministers and churches in our connexion, strenuous measures to carry it into effect.—*Connecticut Observer.*

LITERARY.

Extract from a Review of Darby's View of the United States.

With our physical geography is connected our system of canals, roads, and intercommunications. The facility of artificial intercourse depends always upon the connexion of which a country is susceptible; and the improvement of the natural connexions, upon the spirit of the government and the enterprise of the population. The Allegany Ridge, particularly so called, is broken through by two branches of the Susquehannah, and falls off entirely between the north branch of that river and the Hudson. Great facilities are in consequence afforded in N. York and Pennsylvania to an artificial communication with the great valley of the lakes and the Mississippi. Those states have availed themselves of their advantages. The former has completed a line of canal from the tides of the Atlantic to the northern lakes; the latter is executing with great energy, a parallel line of communication between the city of Philadelphia and the Ohio; while Baltimore, Washington city, and Virginia, are advancing in the construction of canals and railways, to cross the very Alleghany mountains in Maryland and Virginia, through their river valleys. When we reach the great central valley of the western country, we find that nature has afforded the greatest facilities in connecting most of that great plain and the northern lakes together: Ohio has already nearly finished a canal 400 miles long, connecting the Ohio river and the lakes. Indiana has provided the means of uniting by a canal 200 miles long, the Wabash with the lakes; and Illinois has also secured the necessary appropriation to connect the Mississippi with lake Michigan through the Illinois river. By these canals, a continuous, and much of it artificial system of navigable communication will be established, from the Gulf of Mexico, through either the Illinois, Wabash, or Ohio rivers, to the northern lakes; and from these lakes, (all of which are united,) to the Atlantic, either through the St. Lawrence, the New-York canal, and soon through the Pennsylvania canals; this communication makes a sweep of four thousand miles.

The great central valley, from its uniform level and the horizontal strata of its rock, enables us to extend lines of railways and canals in almost any direction; and the long lines of the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, Arkansas, Tennessee, Cumberland, and other large rivers of this plain lie in channels worn into the rock pan with all the regularity of slope that art could give to them, present no falls, and afford the finest steam boat navigation throughout their whole course.—Boats of 500 tons go from New-Orleans to Pittsburg, a distance of 1920 miles, during several months of the year, and will meet the canals which conduct across the mountains or across the plain to the lakes at all their points. The Atlantic coast too, is so deeply indented with bays and sounds, and is so sunken in its level, that surveys have been directed preparatory to the opening of communications across all the capes, and the junction of all these bays and sounds in a coastwise direction.

Mr. Darby gives the detail of this interesting subject; we will content ourselves with the results. There are constructed, or now constructing, with all the surveys completed, all the necessary laws had, and all the funds raised and ready, with enough done to show the whole character and cost of the work, 3500 miles of canal and rail road in the U. States. Most of this communication is made by the public authorities; not more than one fourth by companies; and as far as experience speaks, we are warranted in saying, it will generally yield interest on the expenditure. We deduce from the facts before us, the following curious results:—that the average cost per mile of our canals is about $13,000, and of our rail roads $20,000, while similar works in England have cost about as many pounds:—that our population of twelve millions have attempted one fourth more than England with twenty-three millions, and infinitely more than the population on the continent of Europe:—that according to the population, we are doing nearly as much again as England, and if we take abstractedly the work of New-York, she has done proportionably to her population, eight times as much as England. Notwithstanding that so much is done and doing, we feel that the spirit of the country is just awakened; we speak confidently of more than doubling all this within the next ten years. Already have we actually projected, surveyed, and ascertained the cost and practicability of about 4000 miles more of artificial communication. The federal and local governments, and individual companies, vie with each other in such works. The effect of them in this scattered nation has been signal; they have stimulated our whole population; have carried a sort of creative faculty with them into the interior; have brought into notice, and given value to numberless articles of agricultural and native products, that never was estimated, or sought a market before; they have given an activity to the people corresponding to the facility afforded; they carry intelligence and diffuse it into some of our most uncultivated settlements; they are developing our coal, iron, and all other resources, and founding upon them the arts and manufactures which create a home market, and enrich our commerce with all the interchanges incident thereto; they insure that independence and comfort to the nation, which it looked for in vain, while it depended on foreign commerce for necessaries; they are uniting and amalgamating the people, and imparting to them a unity of design, a community of interest, and a celerity of movement, that will insure to us a wealth, a polish, a political influence worthy of such a people, possessing such a country. This system of inter-communication will build up a home market, and we will sustain a circle of commerce with one another, infinitely more complete than that which the different European states have among themselves; because embracing more variety of climate, and a richer series of productions. Imagine the time not distant, when each district of our country thus connected, will have developed its own peculiar resources, and be ready to throw them into the great circle of interchange, and swell the active stream of our internal commerce. Pennsylvania, with her iron, coal, marble, lead, glass, lumber, flour, wool, butter, and beef, and all her handycraft employments; New-York, with her salt, flour, gypsum, and foreign commerce; New England, with her fish, oil, lumber, ships, and manufactures; New Jersey, with her zinc, copper, and horses; Maryland and Virginia, with their tobacco, flour, Indian corn, fish and hams; North Carolina, her gold, cotton, tar, lumber, and wine; South Carolina and Georgia, their cotton, rice, sugar, indigo, and lumber; Louisiana, Florida, and Mississippi, their sugar, molasses, rum, cotton, rice, indigo, olive oil, and wine; Kentucky and Tennessee, their flour, whiskey, hemp, tobacco, salt, coal, iron, mules, horses, pork, and live stock; Ohio, her pork, lard, butter, cheese, flour, cattle, wool, horses, salt, and coal; Missouri and Illinois, their lead, iron, fur, and lumber; Indiana, her whiskey, corn and pork; and the northern lakes, their white fish, fur, and copper. Add to the above, all the richness and variety of shapes into which our manufactures and artists will elaborate those products, and the wealth and splendor that foreign commerce will throw over them, and we will have the picture that the next twenty years will present to us, and which even now is half finished. All this development awaits but a few years; it proceeds with the certainty of mathematics; time, not tariffs, conducts it on; it is the result of our growth, our free institutions, our wants, our well established enterprise; no system can retard nor much accelerate it.—*Am. Quarterly Review.*

From the New-York Observer.

THE TESTIMONY OF PHYSICIANS.

The annual meeting of the Medical Society of the County of West Chester, N. Y. was held at Mount Pleasant, Tuesday, June 2, 1829, at which most of the physicians of the County were present. Dr. Watson Smith, the President, took the chair, D. D. Palmer, Secretary. After the transaction of ordinary business, the members were called to partake of a good dinner provided by Mr. H. Romer. On being seated at the table, the members of the Society unanimously requested the landlord to remove the decanters from the table, and beer and water were substituted.

At the re-assembling of the Society in their room for the further transaction of business, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That this Society view with pleasure the efforts making by benevolent individuals in various parts of our country, and especially by our medical brethren in their assemblies, for the suppression of intemperance.

Resolved, That an entire abstinence from the use of ardent spirits is necessary to the enjoyment of sound health.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Society, even the moderate use of ardent spirits is injurious, and renders the system more susceptible of contagious and other diseases.

Resolved, That the moderate use of ardent spirits is the exclusive procuring and exciting cause of many diseases; and that a variety of other diseases might be easily removed were they not rendered incurable by habits of intemperance.

Resolved, That those who practice an entire abstinence, as far as our observation extends, enjoy better health and make fewer calls for medical aid, than those who are in the habit of using ardent spirits.

Resolved, That in our opinion the human system is capable of enduring greater hardships, and of performing more labour without the use of ardent spirits than with it.

Resolved, That the present system of retailing distilled liquors is injurious to the health and morals of the community.

For the Western Luminary.

FROM A LADY'S SCRAP-BOOK.

Tho' bright the morn of life may seem,
Remember clouds may rise;
And trust not to the transient gleam
Of calm and sunny skies.

So tread life's path in sunshine drest,
With lowly, cautious fear,
That when grief's shadows o'er it rest
Its memory shall be dear.

If dark life's matin hours be,
Despond not at their gloom;
Joy's cloudless skies may rise for thee,
And hope's bright flow'rets bloom.

So trace thy path-way, thorn-bestrew'd,
That thou in happier hours,
With pure and pangless gratitude,
May'st bless its fragrant flow'rs.

Through cloud and sunshine, flower and thorn,
Pursue thy even way;
Nor let thy better hopes be born
Of things that must decay.

Rejoice with trembling, mourn with hope,
Take life as life was given;
Its rough ascent, its flow'ry slope,
May lead alike to heaven.

—

A man renown'd for repartee
Will seldom scruple to make free
With friendship's finest feeling;
Will thrust a daggar at your breast,
And say he wounded you in jest,
By way of balm for healing.

WESTERN LUMINARY.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1829.

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

This Board was instituted in 1810. It is the oldest and most important Foreign Missionary Society in our country. The Missionary spirit of England and the operations of the London and Church Missionary Societies had begun to extend their influence on this side of the Atlantic early in the commencement of the present country. The American Churches were not backward in the cause, but surrounded by new settlements and heathen tribes, their attention was first turned to the supply of these with the means of grace. The spirit of Missions however could not long be confined to our own territories or the nations on our borders. For its operations—"the field is the world."

The duty and practicability of Missions to the heathen were first seriously considered by three or four pious students in Williams College, Massachusetts, in 1808. Among these were Samuel J. Mills, J. Richards, L. Rice, Hall, Judson, Newell and Nott. Their hearts burned with a desire to go and preach the unsearchable riches of Christ in pagan lands. But how could they procure the necessary means & support? There were no societies formed for this purpose and no funds raised. At first they looked abroad for aid; but on further reflection thought it better, if possible, to enlist the feelings and secure the assistance of the American churches. In 1810, therefore, they presented to the General Association of Massachusetts a written statement of their views and feelings, declaring that "after examining all the information which they can obtain, they consider themselves as devoted to this work for life, whenever God in his Providence shall open the way," and enquiring whether they might expect patronage and support from a Missionary Society in this country, or must commit themselves to the direction of an European society. The convention passed a resolution to constitute a Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The first meeting of this Board was held at Farmington, Conn. Sept. 10, 1810; when a constitution was adopted, the desires of the candidates for a mission approved, and an address to the christian public prepared and published. Mr. Judson was dispatched to England to confer with the managers of the London Society, to see if temporary aid could be obtained from them for the contemplated mission. The Society agreed to take the missionaries under their patronage. At the same time however the Secretary, Dr. Burder, in a friendly letter expressed to the Board a desire that the American churches might contribute to support the mission. A very generous legacy of $30,000 from Mrs. Norris of Salem, as a permanent fund, and smaller donations to the amount of $1400, within a few months after the object was presented, induced them to hope that there would be no need of seeking foreign aid. They proceeded to appoint Messrs. Hall, Judson, Nott, Newell, and Rice, Missionaries of the Board to labour in Asia, where Providence should open the most favourable door. They were ordained in Salem on the 6th of February 1812. This was a novel and impressive spectacle, to see five young men of handsome acquirements and promising talents, relinquishing *home*, friends, country, and devoting themselves to missionary labours and dangers among the distant heathen. This transaction, and the christian heroism of these young men, excited the admiration & awakened the generous sympathy of the christian public. Within about three weeks after arrangements were first made for their embarkation for Asia, more than $6000 were collected for the Mission. Messrs. Judson and Newell with their wives sailed from Salem Feb. 19, 1812, and Messrs. Hall, Nott, and Rice about the same time from Philadelphia. This was the origin of this Society, and these were the first Missionaries that ever sailed from our shores to plant the standard of the cross in heathen lands. From this small beginning this Society has now become one of the most extensive, stable, and efficient in America. It is truly astonishing what it has accomplished. Its success is owing, under the blessing of Heaven, to the great ability, economy, and prudence with which its concerns have been managed. Few if any societies have been conducted by so rare a combination of piety, wisdom, industry and integrity, as has been consecrated to the support and guidance of this Institution. Such men as Worcester, Dwight, Woods, Porter, Evarts, Hill, Fay, Edwards, Day, Cornelius, Beecher, Wisner, and others of like stamp, by giving to this Society their hearts, time, and unremitting care, have gained for it the confidence of the public, and reared it up as an imperishable monument of christian benevolence and enterprise.

Its present income is about $100,000 a year. It has under its care 43 missionary stations:—2 at Bombay; 6 in Ceylon; 1 at Malta; 1 at Beyroot, in Syria; 6 at the Sandwich Islands; 7 among the Cherokees; 9 among the Choctaws; 1 among the Cherokees in Arkansas; 4 among the Osages; 1 among the Indians of Michigan Territory; 3 in the state of New-York; 1 on the Maumee river, in Ohio; and 1 in Hayti among the coloured people who have removed from the United States.

The whole number of Missionaries and assistants is above 200. Whole number of churches organized at the stations 25, containing 200 native members. Whole number of schools 200, scholars 20,000. At Bombay the New-Testament has been translated by the missionaries into the language of 12,000,000 of inhabitants.

To superintend and keep in operation this vast combination of moral power must necessarily demand great labour and expense. The men, at the head of it, need and well deserve the prayers and liberal support of all who desire the enlargement and prosperity of Zion.

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The last Report of the American Education Society we have just received. We will give some extracts from it in our next number.

The Missionary Herald for the present month is also received. From the Sandwich Islands, the intelligence is encouraging. The Schools are very flourishing. The anxiety and efforts of the Inhabitants to learn to read, are very remarkable. From a report of an examination of the Schools, we give the following extract:

"One special object which we had continually in view, at all the examinations, and in all our travels, was that of bringing a greater proportion of the young under the influence of instruction.—It has hitherto been the case to a great extent, and it is not strange it should have been, that parents have been unwilling to send their children to school, until they had made the experiment themselves, and found by experience what the *palapala* is.—The consequence has been, that comparatively few who were children have been embraced in the school. A great portion of the pupils are persons of middle age, or from fourteen to thirty; though there are not a few even as old as sixty, and persons too whose eyes are dim with age, and still they have learnt to read the Scriptures. According to the estimate we made, only one fifth of the scholars are under fourteen years of age.

The people of every district which we visited were addressed particularly on this subject, both by ourselves and the princess. We have received the fullest evidence that our exertions have not been in vain. Since our return from the tour of the island, about 5,000 spelling-books have been called for, principally to establish schools among children. This increases the whole number enrolled in the schools to about 18,000; viz. 15,500 to this island, 1,800 to Molokai, and 700 to Ranai. It is not probable that, with the present population, so large a number as this can ever appear at an examination. But 18,000 is, we think, less than the full number of those who are now enrolled in the schools under the direction of this station."

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

Several complaints have come to the publisher, that the price of this paper is *too high*, and implying that it is higher than that of other papers of equal size and quality. He is persuaded that such persons have not compared the prices. He is confident that his paper is as cheap as any other papers of similar size and quality in the western country, and much cheaper than most. He is induced to state this fact, because men, from whose intelligence and observation he would have expected more accuracy, have made these groundless complaints. Compare, then judge.

Another error, too, he fears, is entertained by some of his friends, viz: that the publishing of this paper has been a very profitable business to him. But the truth is, he has not received what would be a fair price for the mere printing, furnishing paper, and other necessary expences attending the publication; and his friends will not think this strange, when they are told that he has not received a single cent from a very large number of his subscribers, many of whom are indebted for three, four, and five years! He derives very little from advertisments, which is a source of so much profit to the publishers of political papers. His expenses for paper alone is $25 a week; and a moderate compensation for the labour performed in the office, in type setting, press work, folding, and putting up the papers sent by mail, &c. would be from 30 to $40 per week more. He necessarily keeps five hands employed in his office. The average amount of subscriptions received for the last 6 months, has been 41 dollars and 56 cents per week.

COMMUNICATED.

TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

The Examinations, preceding the termination of the present College Session, will take place this week and the next. The Examination of the Classes in College Proper will occur on next Thursday and Friday in the Library Room. The following will be the order and subjects of examination.

Thursday, July 23rd.

French at	8	o'clock,	A. M.
Natural Philosophy	9 1-2	do.	do.
Moral Philosophy and Rhetoric	11	do.	do.
History, Ancient and Modern	3	do.	P. M.
Chemistry	5 1-2	do.	do.

Friday, July 24th.

Geometry at	8	o'clock,	A. M.
Greek	9 1-2	do.	do.
Latin	10	do.	do.
Natural History	3	do.	P. M.

The examination of the Preparatory Department will occur on the two days immediately following Commencement; that is, on Thursday and Friday, July 30th & 31st. Parents and the friends of education generally are respectfully invited to attend the Examinations.

FOR THE LUMINARY.

"One hundred and three gallons of whiskey—fifty-five do. of brandy and rum."

MR. EDITOR,—The above quotation, is extracted from an enumeration of the articles furnished for a late political dinner. My design in making the following remarks is not to express any disapprobation of political meetings. They are doubtless salutary in a government like ours. The discussions that take place on these occasions, and the common interchange of political views and feelings thus effected, are perhaps necessary to the vigorous existence and the perpetuity of our republican institutions,—to the proper use of our elective franchise, which is at once the glory of our land and the *palladium* of her liberty. And the man who does not wish to promote every thing which has a tendency to insure these results, is unworthy of the rich and inestimable blessings he enjoys as a freeman.

I can see nothing, Mr. Editor in the act of listening to our public servants giving an account of their stewardship to the sovereign people, and expressing their political sentiments to those to whom they are amenable, or even in partaking of a public repast, properly conducted, calculated to wound the conscience of the most devout christian.

But Sir, there is one accompaniament to these meetings which is fraught with so much evil that I am surprised it has not long since awakened the fears of our philanthropists who are labouring in the cause of the public, and led to the adoption of

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e efficient means for its suppression. I allude he introduction of ardent spirits on such occa-s. It is well known that many unfortunate per-s attend these meetings from no higher motive n to gratify a beastly desire for the intoxica-g draught. And how many young men, brought in habits of temperance and sobriety, and who d fair to prove a blessing to their friends and to ciety, have, through the solicitations of their iends and the influence of the example around em, yielded to the temptation, and taken the step towards the highway of intemperance, by aking of a *social glass!* It is but seldom that one plunges suddenly into the vortex of high ded sin. And thus, in the present instance, barriers erected by the instructions and exam- of childhood being gradually broken down, way is paved for future excesses, and conse-ntly, to disgrace and final degradation. Let ot be urged that the introduction of ardent rits is necessary in order to elevate the feelings the duties of such occasions. The patriotism him who needs such a stimulus to call it into ac-n, must be at a low ebb indeed. Any one who calmly examine the subject must be convinced such a measure tends only to evil. C.

For the Western Luminary.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

JOHN, V. 31—47. VI. 1—14.

1. In what sense would any one's testimony to own character not be true?
2. Who is the other witness of whom Christ aks in the 32d verse?
. Why did Christ not receive testimony from ?
. How do the works of Christ testify to his ion?
. How did the Father bear witness to Christ?
. Connection and object of the expression, "Ye e neither heard his voice," &c.?
7. What is meant here by "the Scriptures," and w do we know what the Jews of that day con-ered to be "the Scriptures?"
8. How had they eternal life in the Scriptures?
9. In what way did the Scriptures testify of hrist?
10. Meaning of "coming" to Christ?
11. How would they obtain life by coming?
12. How is the sentiment of the 41st verse con-nected with the preceding?
13. The meaning of coming in the "Father's name"?
14. Has the declaration in the last clause of 43d verse been verified in the history of the Jews?
15. How does "receiving honour one of another" indispose the heart to the exercise of faith in Christ?
16. How did the Jews trust in Moses?
17. Where did Moses write of Christ?
18. Where lay the Sea of Tiberias, and how rmed,—and its dimensions?
19. Why did Christ go up to the mountain?
20. Why did Christ ask Philip rather than any of e rest, where he should procure bread?
21. Was there a difference in the value of money those days from its value in ours?
22. Why did our Lord command the fragments be taken up?
23. What were there in this miracle peculiarly adapted to impress the truth of his mission?

COMMUNICATED.

AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETIES.

A County Bible Society, Auxiliary to the American Bible Society, was organized in New-Castle, Henry County, on Saturday 11th July, 1829.

OFFICERS.

Rev. John Jones, *President.*
Rev. Benjamin T. Crouch, } *Vice-Presidents.*
Benjamin Branham, }
Dr. J. H. Saunders, *Corresponding Secretary.*
Edmund T. Thomas, *Recording Secretary.*
William H. Allen, *Treasurer and Depositary.*

The Franklin County Bible Society, Auxiliary to the American Bible Society, was organized in Frankfort on Tuesday 14th inst.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

1. *Resolved,* That the citizens of this County be requested to co-operate with this Society—by organizing Branches or Auxiliaries in their respective congregations.

2. *Resolved,* That with the co-operation of our fellow citizens we will endeavour to supply every destitute family in this County with a copy of the Bible within twelve months.

3. *Resolved,* That it be recommended to Parents to introduce the Bible into the hands of their children to be read as one of the School Books in all the Schools throughout this County.

OFFICERS.

Judge Benj. Mills, *President.*
Rev. Dr. S. M. Noel, }
Rev. G. C. Light, } *Vice-Presidents.*
Rev. J. T. Edgar, }
Thomas T. Crittenden, *Corresponding Secretary.*
Benjamin Waller, *Recording Secretary.*
Col. James Davidson, *Treasurer & Depositary.*

AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

We have received the last number of the African Repository, that interesting and useful Journal published by the Managers of the American Colonization Society. From the number before us we present our readers with two or three extracts:

REV. LOTT CARY.

"He was born a slave; and like other slaves, he grew to years of manhood without being taught even to read. In youth he had all the vices of a slave, and gave as little promise of that high distinction to which he afterwards attained, as the meanest African in our streets. In an auspicious hour religious truth was fastened on his mind; he believed, and became a member of a Baptist church. Soon after, on hearing a sermon founded on the interview of our Lord with Nicodemus, in the third chapter of John, he determined to learn to read; and he began by learning to read that chapter. By and by he became free; and it was his privilege to say, "With a great sum purchased I this freedom." His zeal and intellectual superiority made him a religious teacher among his brethren; and intelligent men have testified to the eloquence and power of his unpolished preaching. Before the plan of the American Colony had been projected, his thoughts were turned towards Africa; and, chiefly by his influence, an African Missionary Society had been formed among his brethren in the city of Richmond. He was one of the little company who first occupied Cape Montserado. His manly wisdom, his heroic courage, his well-deserved influence over his fellow-colonists, often sustained the settlement, when it seemed ready to sink in ruin. His shrewd sense, and his habits of observation, qualified him to supply the often vacant place of physician to the Colony. And so strong was the confidence of Mr. Ashmun, in his intelligence and integrity, that he not only made him his confidential adviser, but when compelled by disease to leave the Colony, he entrusted to Cary, without one doubtful thought, the entire administration of its affairs. Such was the man—the noble negro—who died at Monrovia, in November last, in consequence of an accidental explosion. The death of such an individual we cannot overlook as we trace the records of the year, which we are this evening called to review. And while the recollection of his virtues and his intellectual worth, shows us how heavy a calamity has fallen on the Colony in his death, it cheers us with the assurance that the African race, if in its miserable depression it produces such specimens of human nature, will not be wanting in illustrious names whenever that degradation shall cease."

WANT OF FUNDS.

"It is not any difficulty in finding emigrants, which has limited the emigration of the past year to one hundred and sixty souls. Not less than six hundred free people of color, many of them among the most respectable of their class were, a few months ago, seeking a passage to Liberia. The masters of more than two hundred slaves, were at the same time, seeking the same privilege for those unfortunate individuals. Nor is it any difficulty in providing for new colonists after their arrival, which prevents the more rapid progress of the work. Several hundred individuals might safely be added to the colony every year; and a few years hence, instead of hundreds, thousands might be sent there, and provided for more easily than the thousands of foreigners who are landed every year on the wharves of our seaports, are provided for in this land of plenty. The difficulty is simply the want of resources. The funds of the general society were so much exhausted and embarrassed by the extra efforts of the preceding year, that its operations during the year now closed were necessarily curtailed. Interest is felt in the object—an interest, continually extending itself, and growing stronger. Yet how few of those who feel a lively interest in the cause, put their hands into their pockets to contribute for its advancement. How slow a process is it to establish the seemingly natural connection between feeling and action.

'Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.' "

The following is the closing paragraph in their obituary notice of Dr. Randall, the last governor of the Colony of Liberia, who died on the 19th of last April.

"We rejoice in the belief that there is a quickening and undying energy in virtue. The noble minded bequeath to after ages, an invaluable and imperishable legacy, the legacy of their example. The fires which consumed the Martyrs, lighted the church to triumph; the sufferings and sacrifices of our fathers, are to their descendants, among the most precious motives to virtuous action, and we trust that the names of those who have fallen in the glorious work of Africa's redemption, will prove as "way-marks" guiding an immense population on the shore where they perished, to knowledge, liberty, and religion.

GREECE.

From Mr. King's Journal in Greece, lately published in the columns of the New-York Journal of Commerce. The date of the Journal is between the months of August and November, 1828; and the record, as prepared by Mr. King, was received by the Ladies' Greek Committee of the city of New-York.—*Col. Star.*

The day after my arrival at Egina, I went with Mr. Stuyvesant to visit the poor in the dens and caves of the earth. The Bishop of Talanti and two other Greeks accompanied us. We visited perhaps 60 or 70 caves, in each of which lived a family. In several we found two or three females, and in one seven. Nearly all the families and individuals we saw, appeared to be in the greatest want, with scarcely any clothing, except what they had on, and that, in many instances, little more than a single garment, patched and sown till it seemed to be made up of a thousand pieces.

Among all the sufferers, however, one claimed my attention in a particular manner. It was an old woman from Livadia. As we went from cave to cave, looking at the ragged inhabitants, talking with the children, inquiring about the places they were from, the manner in which they gained their bread, which of their fathers or husbands were killed in battle, I saw, sitting at a little distance from the mouth of a subterraneous abode, an emaciated, withered form of a human being; surrounded by three or four little ragged prattlers, who had not seen more than five or six years of this world's misery, and who, if their own want of bread and clothing had been supplied, would have been quite happy. Their great grand-mother, to whose aged form they clung the closer as I approached, no longer enjoyed the light of the sun. *One hundred and ten years* had rolled away since she commenced her pilgrimage on the earth, and she had become totally blind. "I have been a wanderer," said she, in reply to my questions, "a wanderer from my native place, for these eight years! Here I am, helpless, with these little ones, and where shall we find bread! Their father labors every day in carrying stones, (to build the Orphan Asylum,) and receives a loaf of bread!" Having uttered this, she raised her hands towards heaven, evidently in petition, and then sat silent, till I again began to draw from her, by my interrogations, a description of her sorrows. Mr. S. said he could not pass by such an object, and made her a present of a little more than a dollar.

The next day we visited other caves, and in one we found twelve families, and upwards, I believe, of fifty persons. The day following I arose at an early hour, took mules, and went out to visit the poor, who live in caves, at a considerable distance from the city. We visited, I believe, between seventy and eighty families, consisting of nearly three hundred persons, the greater part of whom were widows and orphans.

The population of Egina is estimated variously by different persons, but I should judge that the number of strangers here is about ten thousand. The number of the native residents is known, and is about four thousand. I should think that about two-thirds of the strangers are widows and orphans from Athens, Livadia, Solon, and other parts of Roumelia, and from different parts of the Peloponnesus.

Sunday, August 17.—In the morning several Greeks of distinction called to see us. At half-past nine performed divine service in English. Only four or five persons present. After the service, Francisco, a Greek, one of our servants, to whom I had given a New Testament the day, or the day before, we left Poros, said to me, "I perceive that I have many sins to repent of—many, very many and great. All my life has been bad; for 18 years I have not been in a church, (he is about 35 years of age.) I have been with several Englishmen and Americans, but they never said any thing to me about religion, except Mr. ———, and he spoke to me in a philosophical manner, and I was not at all moved. It was not till within eight days past, that I have been with you, that I ever felt moved to think of the importance of religion and of repentance. I see you sit down to your food with prayer, and then in the evening again, I see that when you are silent, you are often lifting up your heart in prayer. I am struck with all this, now I desire to read the Gospel."

He has the reputation of being, and says himself that he has been a thief and a robber, and these words, uttered with apparent sincerity, gave me much joy. For three days past he has been very attentive to reading the Gospel. Before that, he said to me, that he thought the Gospel was only for foolish men, or those who had not good sense or discernment.

On our way from Poros to this place, when conversing with him on the subject of religion, he made light of it, and pointing to Judge W. said, "that old man ought to repent, he has not long for this world, but as for me, I have some more Turks to kill yet."

Tuesday, 26.—Called on the Bishop of Talant, and conversed with him on the subject of religion. He said, "he hoped that there were a thousand, or at least five hundred good men in Greece, who were Christians indeed, and this was his hope, that Greece would be saved, because God hears prayer."

Wednesday, September 3d.—Received a visit from the President's Confessor. He is a venerable old man, about seventy years of age, and appeared like one who has the fear of God and the love of Christ in his heart. On entering my room, he said, "Christ in the midst of us," and then embraced me, according to the eastern custom. After being seated, he spoke with great interest of America, and of the letters from the American ladies to the females of Greece, and of the union between our respective countries. "If," said he, "in any thing there is a difference, we hope it will be done away." I had no doubt that he referred to differences in religion, as he spoke of all being of "one faith, and having one Shepherd."

He formerly resided on Mount Athos; and when the war commenced, girded on the sword, and fought for the liberty of his country. "Ever since 1812," said he, "I have been occupied in trying to free my country from slavery and bondage—If I may but see her free, I shall then depart in peace." With him I had a long conversation with regard to the importance of establishing schools, enlightening the people, and putting the Holy Scriptures into their hands, in order to enjoy true christian liberty. In all, his views seemed to accord with my own.

Friday, 5.—Mavromichalis, or Petro Bey, as he is sometimes called, who was formerly Bey of Sparta, called to pay me a visit, and I had much conversation with him on the subject of religion, and on the importance of establishing schools in Sparta and other parts of Greece.

Sunday, 7.—I received from him an invitation to dine. I sent him word that I thanked him for his invitation, and should be happy to accept it, were it not the Lord's day, and begged him to excuse me.

Many poor, wretched widows, with their children, came, and with tears begged for a little bread.

Monday, 8.—Dined with Mavromichalis, and conversed with him about schools, and sending a few young Spartans to America to be educated. "You can do nothing," said he, "that will be so great a benefit to Sparta, as the establishment of schools; and if you wish to send any young men to America, I will furnish you with as many Spartans as you wish."

Wednesday, September 10.—Spent a few hours in visiting the poor, and conversing with them on the subject of religion. In one house which I visited, I saw a widow, with four little children, the two youngest of whom were twins of about five or six months old, (as I should judge,) both pined away, till they appeared like mere skeletons, almost the image of death. I asked the mother what disease they had! "Hunger," was the reply. "I have not bread to eat myself, and how can I nourish my babes!" This is real suffering, and my heart was pained at the sight of it.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By an arrival at New-York, London papers have been received to the 31st of May.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—Letters from Jassy to the 8th of May say, that all accounts from the theatre of war confirm the statements that very sanguinary actions had taken place at Silistria, and in the environs of Choumla, where the Turks have displayed unparalleled valor, and fought with a desperation bordering on frenzy.

Letters from the frontiers of Moldavia, of May, confirm the taking of Baldrick, a little fortress between Varna and Kavarna, by the Turks, and do not contradict the capture of Sizeboli by the troops of Hussien Pacha.

The European discipline adds much to the force of the Turks. Dervises appear at the head of the troops, and recite prayers and sing hymns, which the Turkish soldiers repeat while animating each other; and when their fanaticism is thus excited, they rush to the combat like mad men, uttering dreadful cries. The number of Turkish troops increase daily, and is at least equal to that of the Russians.

Letters from Constantinople of May 2d say, it is the firm belief that the Russians project a landing on the Asiatic coast of the Black Sea, and that the attack on the Sizeboli was merely contrived as a mask to this vast enterprize, for which immense preparations were making at Odessa. In consequence, the Ottoman fleet had been sent to the Black Sea, to prevent this invasion, for the Divan dreads nothing so much as the appearance of a considerable hostile force in the vicinity of the forts on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, which would not only spread alarm in the capital, but would greatly impede the arrival of supplies for the European provinces.

RUSSIAN SQUADRON.—On the 5th of April the Russian squadron was at Poros to the number of four ships of the line, a corvette and two brigs. The Courier of Smyrna of April 12th, says that Admiral Heyden having considered with the President what place of refuge the squadron should choose, in case of war with England, the port of Napoli had been chosen; and in consequence 30 heavy cannon had been placed at the entrance of it. It is added, that the Admiral having since become sensible that it was impossible to escape in that port from the English fleet, had resolved to join his squadron to that which was blockading the Dardanelles, and, in case of a declaration of war, immediately to force the passage, and proceed into the Black Sea. It was affirmed at Poros that this junction would be very soon effected.

BLOCKADE OF THE DARDANELLES.—The London Times of the 30th May, in alluding to the extension of the Russian blockade, says—"We must repeat what we said yesterday, that it cannot be tolerated. A blockade of the Dardanelles, it is called! Why, it is a blockade of the whole of the ocean that was known to the ancients—to the Greeks, Romans, Egyptians and Assyrians. It is impossible that such a blockade can be suffered. It *must* not; as Englishmen, we assert it *shall* not be allowed."

THE GREEKS.—The Greeks have recovered the greater part of the territory intended for them. The towns of Salona, Vonitza, Livadia, the passage of the Thermopylæ, and the Castle of Lepanto, are in their possession, and almost the whole country between Arta and Volo. The troops have conducted themselves with order and discipline, and no act of cruelty has been committed on the Turkish prisoners. Prevesa had not surrendered to the Greeks. Missolonghi was still in possession of the Turks, but was expected to fall soon.

MISCELLANEOUS SUMMARY.

The Cleaveland Herald states, that by the Eclipse line of stages, a merchant arrived at Cleaveland in 3 days and a half from the city of New-York, a distance of five hundred and eighty miles.

John Quincey Adams, late president of the U. States, will spend the summer at the patriarchal seat in Quincey.

The Steamboat Huntress, on her way from Louisville to New Orleans, was struck by lightning, near Petit Gulf, and Miss McGraw, a young lady from Tennessee, was killed. Several of the passengers received a severe shock, but the boat was not materially injured.

At the sale of Pews in the First Baptist Church, in Hanover street, Boston, on Tuesday 23d ult. the number of pews sold was 101, producing the sum of 26,966 dollars—the whole number of pews was 138, leaving 37 unsold, and appraised at $6,050.

The Trustees of the Western Reserve College, Ohio, have appointed Rev. Warren Fay, D. D. of Charlestown, Ms. President of that institution

The Steamboat Virginia, with an engine of 60 horse power, proceeds up the Mississippi at the rate of 100 miles a day.

The seat of government of Louisiana has been removed from New-Orleans to Donalsville, where the legislature will assemble at their next session.

Genesee Canal.—Spirited preparations are in progress to appeal to the legislature on the subject of this projected canal. Designed as it is to connect the Erie canal with the Alleghany river, at Olean, and through it with the Ohio, Mississippi, &c. its importance must be recognized by all who bestow a thought on the matter A convention of delegates from several counties interested, is to be held shortly at Genesee, to take the usual preparatory measures for submitting their claims to the legislature.

PENNSYLVANIA.—It appears by the Philadelphia papers, that the loan for $2,200,000, authorized by an act of their legislature, at the last session, for the purpose of internal improvement, has completely failed, only $85,000 having been subscribed to it! This cannot be owing to a want of money in Philadelphia, of which there has been no complaint during the severe pressure recently felt in Providence, Boston, and New-York. It must be then a want of confidence in those who have the disposing of this money. Great complaint is made that large sums have already been injudiciously expended, and the change made in their Board of Commissioners has not given satisfaction; add to which their two principal Engineers have resigned.—*Daily Adv.*

Hereditary Attachment.—When the Jews are in the act of prayer, they turn their eyes towards Jerusalem; and such is their veneration for the soil of Judea, that many of them in different countries procure from Jerusalem portions of earth, which is sprinkled over the eyes of the deceased before interment. Many who can afford the expense, retire there to die, that their bodies may mingle with the bodies of their ancestors. At Copenhagen, Jews are buried upright, or standing in their coffins.

Horrible Deed.—We learn from the Wyoming, Pa. Herald, that a deed of the most shocking description was perpetrated at the house of Henry Keck, in the township of Wilksbarre, Pa. on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 17; the particulars are briefly as follows: It appears that the above named individual and his father, John Keck, (both of whom were addicted to intemperance,) had been for a long time on the most unfriendly terms, and when the latter would call at the house of the former, as was often the case, violent altercations would frequently take place between them. At the time above stated, the old man stopped at the house as usual, and a quarrel ensued. The elder Keck, having a hoe in his hand, struck at his son, and cut him badly in the forehead. Whereupon the latter, (who had previously got possession of a loaded gun,) declared 'he would shoot any man that would strike him with a hoe,' and instantly put a period to the life of the other by shooting him through the breast!! The young man did not attempt, or was unable, to escape, and is now in prison awaiting his trial—we therefore forbear making any remarks on this horrid transaction.

Generosity of Gen. La Fayette.—The Philadelphia Saturday Bulletin states that this good and benevolent man has ordered his lands in the United States to be sold to discharge the debts of Mr. Monroe. Mr. Monroe has refused to permit it, but the agent has orders to proceed at all events to execute his instructions. This is the reason why La Fayette's land has lately been offered in market.

MELANCHOLY SHIPWRECK AND STARVATION.—The Quebec Gazette contains a notice of a melancholy shipwreck, on the large uninhabited island of Anticosti, near the mouth of the river St. Lawrenc, which took place probably in October or November last. It would seem that after the loss of the vessel, about twenty of the crew and passengers escaped to the island where they all perished from starvation, except perhaps a few *who were killed to feed the horrid appetite of the last survivors!* The dead bodies were discovered a few weeks since in the following manner:

About the middle of May a number of men belonging to the Magdalen Islands who had associated themselves in a sailing voyage, were overtaken by a storm off the North East end of Anticosti, and the ice drifting forced them to take shelter, choosing the place where they knew that Godin kept one of the provision posts. In landing they observed a boat on shore which was not damaged. They proceeded to the house, and on entering were struck with horror at the sight of a number of dead bodies and a quantity of bones and putrid flesh. Upon further examination they conceived that they could discern the bodies of twelve or thirteen individuals—three grown females, three children, and seven or eight men. The last survivor appeared to be a man who had died of famine and cold in his hammock, and from his appearance was above a common sailor, (his name was B. Harrington;) the men began to gather the chests clothes and other articles in the house, and buried the remains of the bodies and a large box of cleanly picked bones which lay in a corner of the room. On the fire there was a pot in which flesh had been boiled, and a part remained in its bottom. They afterwards went to a small out house where they were surprised to find five more bodies, suspended by a rope thrown across some beams; the entrails had been removed and little more than the skeletons remained; the flesh having apparently been cut off. These they left unburied, and sailed, taking the boat for the Magdalen Islands.

From the clothing and other articles found upon the bodies and other circumstances, it is supposed that the lost vessel was the bark Granicus, which sailed from Quebec for Cork on the 29th of October last, and has never been accounted for. "Mr. Godin," says the Gazette, "who was stationed at the post, where these unfortunate persons have perished, came up to Quebec in October last, and did not return.—*N. Y. Observer.*

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—The Building Committee for this great public work have made a report upon the whole subject. They are now wholly out of funds to continue their operations. The monument thus far has cost, all deductions and allowances being made, the sum of $51,833; and the estimated amount necessary to finish it is $30,000—making $81,833. All the property of the Association, including subscriptions, land, interest on money, &c. has been expended. The obelisk, which when finished, will be 220 feet high, 30 feet square at the base, and 15 feet at the summit, is now about 40 feet in height. There are now on the hill 500 tons, which have been dressed and ready to be laid up by the masons—making 3,300 tons, or more than half the quantity required for completing the monument.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—The West-Chester Herald of 30th June says—"It was observed, that no scarfs were given at the funeral of the late Gov. Jay. We have since understood, that Mr. Jay in his will expressly desired, that no scarfs or rings might be given on the occasion; but in lieu thereof, bequeathed two hundred dollars to such poor and deserving widows or orphans in the town of Bedford, as his children might select."

It is stated in the last number of the African Repository, that in North-Carolina, two thousand slaves would immediately be emancipated and committed to the Society of Friends, to be sent to the Colony of Liberia, if funds for their transportation were provided.

The Hon. Martin Van Buren has been nominated in Alabama, for the office of President of the United States, to succeed General Jackson.

On Sunday evening, says the Maine Patriot, several eels fell to the earth during a shower, a few rods from Capitol Hill, making a considerable impression in the mud where they alighted. They were as lively as if they had just been taken from the water.

From the American presses 142,858 papers daily issue; and taking the amount of population that can read at ten millions, we have one for every 70 persons, and over, daily.

Singular Accident.—As a person was ploughing the field where the celebrated battle of Princeton N. J. took place, the ploughshare brought up a number of muskets, and the man striking his foot against one of the bayonets was so severely wounded that his life is considered in danger.

Economical news from Michigan.—In a letter from Mr. Wells, of Detroit, to Samuel L. Mitchell, of New-York, it is stated that a valuable oil has been procured from maize or Indian Corn. The discovery was made by accident, in preparing the mash for distillation. The person who made it refuses to make known, as yet, his fortunate discovery. The specimen of oil looks very fine and inviting. It is reported to be equal to Castor Oil as a medicine; to burn with singular brilliancy for lamps, and to be worthy, if a little rancidity can be removed, of being made a savory material for salads.

Colonization.—The African Repository states that 600 persons of colour were, in January last, seeking a passage to Liberia. One hundred and sixty-five slaves have been ordered to the Society by six individuals, during the past year; but, out of the large number of applicants, only one hundred and seventy could be sent, in consequence of the depressed condition of the financial concerns of the Society.

Good Government.—The city government of Boston have refused leave to the Trustees of Tremont Theatre, who wished to play on the evening of Saturday the 4th inst.

Mr. Wirt has been engaged as Council by the proprietors of Warren Bridge, in case the cause should be carried into the United States Supreme Court.

There were sold in Putnam county, Georgia, in 1827, more than $30,000 worth of spirits! This county contains about 16,000 inhabitants: about two dollars each, for every man, woman, child, and servant!

MARRIED,

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Nathaniel Harris, Mr. THOMAS JEFFERSON BROWN, to Miss MARY JANE WALLACE, both of the County of Jessamine.

On the 2d inst. Rev. JAMES Y. BARNETT, of Henderson County, to Miss ELIZABETH H. USHER, daughter of Mr. David Usher, of Christian County.

OBITUARY.

An Obituary notice of Mr. JOSEPH CHRISMAN, intended for this week's paper will appear in our next.

DIED, after a sudden illness, at Hopkinsville, Ky. on Sunday 5th inst. Mrs. AMANDA MOREHEAD, consort of Charles S. Morehead, Esq. and daughter of Mr. Wm. Leavy of this town, in the 25th year of her age.

In the deceased were united a most rare and happy combination of excellencies which rendered her at once the admiration and delight of all who knew her. To extraordinary mental endowments, joined to uncommon loveliness and beauty of person, she had superadded much useful cultivation and elegant accomplishment.—These acquirements, and an observation original and fertile, were given to the circle in which she moved with a vivacity, nature and feeling peculiar to herself.

But these gifts, of which she seemed to be so unconscious, were outshone by the virtues and excellencies of her heart: *In domestic and social intercourse* she was the idol of her friends, carrying with her the purest affections, with the liveliest manners. Though ardent in her attachments, and exhibiting in the endearing relations of wife, and daughter, and sister, and mother, a depth and devotedness of affection rarely equalled, her sympathies were generously alive to the interest and good of her friends, and domestics, and neighbours, and society—thus securing the grateful regard and lively attachment of an indefinite number. Those who knew the deceased intimately, a numerous circle of friends, will long delight to hold her in grateful remembrance, and will sympathize in such a loss to a bereaved husband and an afflicted family!—*Reporter.*

In Frankfort, Mr. W. S. BLAIR, formerly of the Army.—Mrs. ELISABETH BRYANT, consort of Mr. A. Bryant.

VOCAL MUSIC.

JUST received and for sale at the book-store of A. T. SKILLMAN, Jordans row, Lexington, THE COLUMBIAN HARMONY, OR PILGRIMS MUSICAL COMPANION.

A choise selection of tunes selected from the works of the most eminent authors, ancient and modern, to which is added a succinct and comprehensive view of the rudiments of music, by

B. SHAW, & C. H. SPILMAN.

This work is recommended to the public by experienced divines and teachers, as the best work now in circulation in this country, and may be purchased by the hundred, dozen, or single.——Sold also at the book-stores in Cincinnati, Louisville Frankfort, Paris, Danville, Winchester, George town, &c. &c.

Lex. Ky. July 7th, 1829.

POETRY.

WHO LOVES ME BEST!

BY MARY ANN BROWNE.

Who loves me best!—my mother sweet,
Whose every look with love is replete;
Who held me, an infant, on her knee,—
Who hath ever watched me tenderly;
And yet I have heard my mother say,
That she sometimes must pass away:
Who then shall shield me from earthly ill!—
Some one must love me better still!

Who loves me best!—my father dear,
Who loveth to have me always near;
He whom I fly each eve to meet,
When past away is the noontide heat;
Who from the bank where the sunbeam lies
Brings me the wild-wood strawberries,
Oh! he is dear as my mother to me,—
But he will perish, even as she.

Who loves me best?—the gentle dove,
That I have tamed with my childish love,
That every one save myself doth fear,
Whose soft coo soundeth when I come near;
Yet perhaps it but loves me because I bring
To its cage the drops from the clearest spring,
And hang green branches around the door:—
Something, surely, must love me more!

Who loves me best?—my sister fair,
With her laughing eyes and clustering hair;
Who flowers around my head doth twine,
Who presseth her rosy lips to mine,
Who singeth me songs in her artless glee,—
Can any love me better than she?
Yet when I asked, that sister confest
Of all she did not love me the best!

Who loves me best?—my brother young,
With his healthy cheek and his lisping tongue;
Who delighteth to lead me in merry play
Far down the green-wood's bushy way;
Who showeth me where the hazel-nuts grow,
And where the fairest field-flowers blow;
Yet perhaps he loves me no more than the rest,—
How shall I find who loves me best?

My mother loves me,—but she may die;
My white dove loves me,—but that may fly;
My father loves me,—he may be changed:
I have heard of brothers and sisters estranged;
If they should forsake me, what should I do?
Where should I bear my sad heart to?
Some one surely would be my stay—
Some one must love me better than they.

"Yes, fair child! there is One above,
Who loves thee with an unchangeable love,
He who formed those frail dear things,
To which thy young heart fondly clings,—
Even though all should forsake thee, still
He would protect thee through every ill.
Oh! is not such love worth all the rest?—
Child! it is God who loves thee best!"

JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Enthroned once on high,
Thou favour'd home of God on earth,
Thou heav'n below the sky!
Now brought to bondage with thy sons,
A curse and grief to see,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Our tears shall flow for thee.

Oh! had'st thou known thy day of grace,
And flock'd beneath the wing
Of him who call'd thee lovingly,
Thine own anointed King;
Then had the tribes of all the world
Gone up thy pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates,
And all thy sons been free!

"And who art thou that mournest me?"
Replied the ruin grey—
"And fear'st not rather that thyself
May prove a castaway?
I am a dried and abject branch,
My place is given to thee;
But woe to ev'ry barren graft
Of thy wild olive tree!

"Our day of grace is sunk in night,
Our time of mercy spent,
For heavy was my children's crime,
And strange their punishment;
Yet gaze not idly on our fall,
But, sinner, warned be.
Who spared not His chosen seed
May send His wrath on thee!

"Our day of grace is sunk in night,
Thy noon is in its prime,
Oh turn and seek thy Saviour's face
In this accepted time!
So Gentile, may Jerusalem
A lesson prove to thee,
And in the new Jerusalem
Thy home forever be!"

BISHOP HEBER.

LIBERIA.

Bright gem on Afric's sable breast,—
Pure fountain 'mid her desert sands,—
Spot where her baleful Simoons rest,—
And cease to whelm the pilgrim bands,

To thee shall helpless thousands fly,
Mother and babe and hunted sire,
When the dire slave-ship meets their eye
Enkindling War's malignant fire.

Star of the lost'—diffuse thy light
Like Israel's refuge-cities blest,
To guide the panting outcast's flight
When close the Avenger's footstep prest.—

Thy sheltering arms,—thy genial skies
The enfranchis'd slave shall raptur'd view,
And in the scale of being rise
To joys his fathers never knew,—

Shall learn the statesman's lore profound,
Bid Freedom's gifts be wisely weigh'd.—
With Learning's bowers thy vales be crown'd,
And churches deck thy palmy shade.—

To thee, a wretched heathen band
Shall 'scape, from Superstition's rod,—
Eye of a long benighted land!—
Look up,—and gather light from God.

Hartford, June 17th, 1829. *Conn. Obs.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

MEMOIRS OF WASHINGTON.

The following extract from the private Memoirs of Washington, (now in progress of publication,) comprises the letter written by the venerated father of his country to Mrs. Washington, on the occasion of his accepting the command of the American armies:—

Philadelphia, June 18, 1775.

My Dearest—I am now set down to write to you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased, when I reflect on the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress, that the whole army raised for the defence of the American cause shall be put under my care. You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavour in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part from you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home, than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay was to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking of it is designed to answer some good purpose. You might, and I suppose did perceive, from the tenor of my letters, that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment, without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself, and given pain to my friends. This I am sure, could not, and ought not, to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. I shall rely, therefore, confidently, in that Providence which has hitherto preserved and been bountiful unto me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen. My earnest and ardent desire is, that you would pursue any plan that is most likely to produce content, and a tolerable degree of tranquility; as it must add greatly to my uneasy feelings, to hear that you are dissatisfied, or complaining at what I really could not avoid.

As life is always uncertain, and common prudence dictates to every man the necessity of settling his temporal concerns while it is in his power, and while the mind is calm and undisturbed, I have, since I came to this place, (for I had no time to do it before I left home,) got Col. Pendleton to draft a will for me, by the directions I gave him; which will I now enclose. The provisions made for you, in case of my death, will, I hope, be agreeable. I shall add nothing more, as I have a number of letters to write, but to desire that you will remember me to your friends, and assure you that I am, with the most unfeigned regard, my dear Patsey,

Your affectionate
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

From the Georgia Statesman.

MY WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

Mr. Editor,—For a number of years, I have been what is called a moderate *drinker*. I have never been right *'negro drunk,'* though I have been pretty *'swipey,'* most too 'high for picking cotton,' and just *'so as to go by things.'* As we live in a free county, I conceived every one had a right to do as he pleased, the opinion of the parson and the anti-intemperate Society to the contrary notwithstanding. My wife, sweet creature, as you know, for she has been frequently in town with me, never would say a word of wrath to me when I *reeled* home; but she would *look* a great deal of pity; yes, sir, these *looks* of hers would sometimes draw the tears in profusion from my eyes.

Last summer she mentioned that Capt.—— had quit drinking entirely, because it was undermining his constitution, and the physicians told him he would be 'burnt up,' in two years more. This affected me; for although I did not apprehend any danger from my *moderate draughts*, yet, I thought if I were compelled to abstain from so delicious a beverage, to lengthen my days, it would be insupportable, worse than the 'tooth ache.' But I must narrate a little of my history to show her influence in recovering me from my destructive practice, and when my hand gets rid of its trembling I will give you another sketch about it.

The first Monday in November, she arose earlier than usual. When I awoke she was entering the room with a warm dish of coffee; 'Husband,' said she, with as pleasant a smile as when she first won my heart, 'the new coffee which you brought is excellent,' handing me the cup.—I drank it off, and though I had been accustomed to give the dram the preference, yet it set quite well on my stomach.

As I came into the other room, she was just seating herself at the breakfast table, and observed, 'come, the mackrel, too, is prime.' Who could resist such a sweet smile as she gave me? I had not time to go to my bottle, but sat down and ate heartily. About 11, I returned from performing some business on the plantation, anticipating the pleasure (a beastly one) of a good dram before dinner, when who should I find but Mrs. P. and Mrs. N. and the young ladies! After the usual compliments, I rose to go to the closet, but thinks I to myself, it will not do for a *gentleman* to be *swigging* down liquor before ladies, and I knew there was no loaf sugar for toddy—so although my hand was on the latch, I passed into the piazza and took a drink of water. O! I was monstrous dry, inwardly I cursed the company, but soon returned confused, and found the servant handing about lunch. I took a fine northern apple, and soon, even before the girls had conned over the seeds to learn who was to have the first husband, news came that dinner was on the table. I stood, as you know it is polite to follow the ladies, hoping that I could filch a *swig* while they were getting their seats: but as I was turning the key, in jumps Miss G., a flirt of a girl, 'my handkerchief, my handkerchief.' I hung down my head (for rum had not destroyed all sense of shame in me) and went in to my dinner.

During the afternoon, I was somewhat chagrined, and pouted a little: but when the girls began to play their pranks, and proposed their conundrums for solution, I became quite merry, and forgot my disappointments.

Tuesday morning we were 'driving' before day.—Many a time, while listening to the music of our hounds, my thoughts would go home to my darling closet, and how I would make amends for yesterday by a treble dose before dinner. We had a fruitless chase, and I returned home about 1 o'clock, P. M. hungry and tired. A fine duck was smoking on the table, the steam of which came right up into my nostrils, as I looked upon my Jug, but so keen were the demands of hunger, that I was pulled involuntarily into my chair! I ate a hearty meal and felt cheerful. Is it possible, said I to myself, that food can satisfy one so completely! I had been under the impression for years, that when one was fatigued, whiskey did much good, and like the power of magic, lulled weariness to rest; but I am now convinced that nourishing food is much better.

But I am wearying your patience; suffice it to say that my wife, during the whole week, had so contrived it, without my suspecting her stratagem, to obtrude something in my way, either a lunch or some sweet thing, just before my usual period of drinking, so that I lived six days a sober man! Then she disclosed to me her fearful apprehensions of my growing habit; begged me to look at my emaciated countenance and watch my palsied hand, telling me how she had managed for my good. We shed tears of joy together, and I made a resolution never to drink another drop. Drinking is but a habit, and may be cured, if we will put it away from our houses and not touch it. I hope other 'moderate drinkers' will be blessed with such a 'help mate' as is mine. If any one had told me a year ago that I should so easily have given up a practice, which I considered indispensable to happiness, I should have laughed at him as an ignoramus; but now I am convinced. Let others try it for themselves.

Yours &c. A. N——

MOUNT SINAI.

It was on Mount Sinai, that God made known to Moses the laws which the children of Israel were to obey, and which are written in the latter chapters of the book of Exodus, and in the book of Leviticus. The principal of these were the TEN COMMANDMENTS, and the other rules and ordinances, having a reference to them.

The children of Israel came to the desert of Sinai, in the third month after they left Egypt; and the law was given to Moses, it is supposed, just fifty days after they came out from Egypt. In remembrance of this the feast of Pentecost was observed on the fiftieth day after the passover, at which time the Holy Spirit was poured out upon the Apostles. (Acts ii.)

We will first speak of Mount Sinai as it appears at the present day. The part of the country where the Israelits received the law of God, is a mountainous district at the north part of the Red Sea. It is called by the Arabs to this day *Jibbel Mousa*, or the Mountain of Moses, and *El Tor*, or the Mount. It includes several, peaks or separate mountains, the chief of which are called *Oreb* and *Tor Sinai*. At the foot of this mountain, in a narrow valley, is a convent of Romish monks, called the convent of St. Catharine. It is enclosed by high walls to keep off the Arabs, and whoever wishes to enter is drawn up by a rope to a window, between thirty and forty feet above the ground. About fifty monks still live there, and, formerly, vast numbers of pilgrims used to visit the convent. At present there are few visiters, except the Bedouin Arabs, who are not admitted, but always receive a portion of bread enough for breakfast and supper; sometimes the chiefs of these Arabs oblige the monks to pay large sums of money. This convent, and most of the other buildings about Mount Sinai, were first built by Helena, the mother of Constantine, in the fourth century. She erected churches or other buildings on most of the places particularly mentioned in the Bible.

The monks conduct the pilgrims or visiters to several places which they point out as remarkable. The first is to climb up the top of what they call "the Mountain of Moses." Formerly there were regular steps 15,000 in number, but they have been mostly destroyed or much damaged. In different parts of the mountain are some churches or chapels, and a mosque, to which the Mahometans go to on pilgrimage.

Another lofty peak near to the mountain of Moses is pointed out as Mount Horeb; it is now called Mount St. Catharine.

The prospect from these mountains is very grand.—The upper part of "the Sinai," as it is called, consists of a rocky wilderness, about thirty miles across. Among the lofty mountains are many narrow, fertile valleys, in which water is always found. This appears to have been the Desert of Sinai.

Now this country was the place where God openly revealed himself to Moses and the Israelites. He chose not a magnificent city, or a noble palace, for that purpose; but a waste and barren desert; showing that his word and his truth do not depend upon what the world calls comforts and advantages. In this place it was that God entered into covenant with his chosen people, and gave them a law, which is indeed holy, just and true; and although the ceremonies commanded by it, have been done away by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, yet the moral precepts it contains are still the rule of life which all are called upon to follow. Our blessed Saviour said, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets, (that is, the prophetical books of scripture:) I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men (to do) so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. v. 17—19.)—*Youth's Friend.*

THE PEACOCK.

This remarkable bird is one of the most beautiful of the feathered creation. It is usually about three feet in height from the ground to the top of its head. The feathers of its tail frequently measure four feet. Its legs are rough, and its feet appear ugly. The head, neck, and breast are of a beautiful blue colour; on the top of its head is a plume of greenish feathers, the back and upper part of the wings are light ash, mixed with black stripes. Its wide spreading train is exceedingly beautiful, the feathers of which have a mixture of shining green, blue, and gold colour, ornamented with green, and having the appearance of numerous eyes.

The train thus variegated has a splendid effect when displayed against the rays of the sun, and then it exhibits a very great variety of colours. The Pea-hen is a smaller bird, and not near so beautiful in its appearance.

The Peacock, though possessed of so much dazzling finery, is both cruel and stupid; its loud screaming is very disagreeable, and is said to be a sign of approaching bad weather.

In the early ages of the world the elegance of the Peacock attracted admiration, and the Scriptures inform us that the ships of Solomon, which traded once in three years to Tarshish, brought among other curious things, Peacocks to grace the establishment of that great monarch. (1st Kings, x. 22.)

The Almighty, in presenting to Job a view of some of the wonderful works of creation with a view to show the weakness of vain glory makes the inquiry, "Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the Peacocks?" (Job xxxix. 13.)—This probably refers to the nature of their plumage, especially the train which grows out of their backs, and spreads above the tail and displays in a striking manner the power of God, who has bestowed upon this creature such an assemblage of brilliant coloured feathers.

The Peacock is surely a very just emblem of those persons, who with a very showy outside appearance, possess not the far more valuable qualities of the mind. Young persons frequently think too much of splendour and gaiety, and are as proud of shewing new or fine clothes, as the Peacock its handsome feathers. Be careful, my dear young reader, not to prize these things too highly, Remember that the "fashion of this world is passing away." And if your situation in life is humble, never be envious of those who are able to dress richer or finer than yourself. That cannot be a great mind that would attach much importance to such trifiles, and it is directly opposed to "the mind that was in Christ Jesus." Pride is a sin which is very displeasing and hateful in the sight of God; he abhors it, hence it is written, "Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord," (Prov. xvi. 5.) and "God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble." (1 Pet. v. 5.) Indeed the Scriptures abound in promises to those who are "meek and lowly in heart," and threatenings against those who are of a proud and lofty spirit, whom "God beholdeth afar off." May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ reign in your hearts, then will you be "content with such things as ye have," and seek not after the vain grandeur of this perishing world.

From the Youth's Friend.

THE GOOD TEMPERED CHILD.

"What a good tempered little boy Arthur is," said Mr, Brown to his children when they were all sitting by a blazing fire at tea, one evening. "I never see him but with a smile upon his countenance; and his mamma tells me, that she never to her recollection, knew him to be in a passion yet."

"What is it to be good tempered, papa?" asked Olivia.

"To be good tempered, my love, is to be obliging to all around; to be satisfied with the goodness of an indulgent God; prompt to please; slow to take offence; quick to forgive; easy to be amused; and affectionately attached to your friends: these are some of the fruits of a good temper, and you cannot be said to be really good tempered without excelling in these things."

"But we are not all like that, papa," whispered Ann, in a low voice.

"No, my dear, I wish you were: some of you, I am sorry to say, are very far from it; some of you are proud, passionate, and peevish; and all this must be subdued before you will be good tempered. You must become more humble, meek children, before you will be like Arthur."

"But how can we become more like our little play fellow, papa?"

"Why, my dear, in the first place, you must seek for the grace of God to subdue the natural depravity of your hearts, to bring down your perverse wills to his will, and to make you gentle and mild. But Arthur has his faults; and I would rather hear you ask how you may become like the blessed Jesus. You know that 'he has left us an example that we should follow in his steps;' and we should set his adorable example constantly before us, and daily copy after him. He has said, that his yoke is easy, and his burden is light; and the closer we cleave to him, the more shall we partake of his spirit, and the more shall we become like unto him. We must ever watch the first rising of wicked tempers, and endeavour, in humble dependence on divine assistance, to overcome them; we must never give way to unkind and evil intentions; we must seek to smother all wrathful and revengeful feelings; we must cover with forgiving love, the failings of others; we must have an humble opinion of ourselves; and, in a few words, we must be pitiful—be courteous.' "

"We will all study the history of Jesus more; and we will observe Arthur more closely."

"That will be well, certainly, and no one will rejoice more over your improvement in temper than your affectionate father. It is my continual object to train you up as the children of God, and I would that all bitterness, and wrath, and clamour, were put away far from you, with all malice and guile. 'Love as brethren,' bear and forbear; pity and pardon; and may you, each of you, be the children of your Father who is in heaven; and as you hope to be forgiven by the merciful Redeemer, so be always kind and forgiving in your temper."

CURIOUS ROCK IN CEYLON.

May 19, 1828.—Went this morning before sunrise to the top of the famous rock. It is said to be 500 feet in height, and it commands a view not only of the fort or walled town in which it is, but of the country around to a great extent. On the north and west the blue Ghauts rise in the distant prospect, as a continued chain of mountains, extending from southwest to northeast. Nearer is seen the Cavary, divided into two branches, forming the rich island on which is the Seringham pagoda. Here and there is a sugar-loaf rock, rising abruptly from the plain, on one of which, called the golden rock, is a Mohamedan tomb, occasionally lighted up. The rock affording this view is itself the greatest wonder. It is an immense pile, rising out of the north side almost perpendicularly, and on the west and south in irregular broken cliffs, affording on the west, about half way up, a foundation for a large heathen temple, and on the south a place for a pathway of granite steps, about 350 in number, some cut in the rock, but most of them laid in a substantial manner, enclosed by massy walls, covered with an arched way, and defended by strong gates. The east side is left naked. It is a smooth inclined rock, in some places not steep, but in others too abrupt to admit of an ascent. The rock is formed into an arsenal, and an almost impregnable fortress. It has the advantage of a natural cistern formed by a vast chasm in the rock; but it would probably fail in a dry season.—*Miss. Jour.*

A GREAT CURIOSITY.

About 98 or 100 years ago, the wife of Lord Kilsyth and her infant child were smothered in Holland, or in some other part of the Netherlands. There they were embowelled, embalmed, and placed in the same coffin; and a short time afterwards brought to this country, and laid in the sepulchral vault of the family, below the floor of Kilsyth church. In this subterranean chamber, they lay undisturbed, till about two months ago, when some persons, prompted by a forward curiosity, tore open the chest, and to their surprise and astonishment, saw the lady and her child as fresh as when newly coffined. The skin and flesh were firm and hard; the face white, and the features distinct; the fine muslin with which they were dressed was fresh and fair; and the yellow or orange ribbons, with which they were adorned, were stiff and good. At the same time, the cell in which they were lying was filled with an agreeable odour, arising from some sweet-smelling drugs which had been put in the coffin. But the vault and the coffin being open, the admission of external air, and the breath of hundreds of visitants, soon produced a great alteration. When the vault was shut up, the clothes were dark and wettish; the complexion of the lady, especially, was much embrowned; and a mouldiness was collecting on the face, and the aromatic perfumes were nearly gone. Had these venerable remains not been exposed, they might have lain undecayed for several ages more. The lady whose body lies in this state, was formerly the wife of Viscount Dundee, who commanded the troops of James II. at the battle of Killicrankie. 1689, and who fell there; and was afterwards married to Lord Kilsyth. She appears to have been a stately looking woman, red-haired, full-faced, and of agreeable features; and at the time of her death, seems to have been thirty or thirty-six years of age. There is something very engaging in the child, who is lying at the foot of the coffin, and leaning on his mother's legs. The babe, about six months old, looked well, plump, and full, and seemed as if he were smiling.—*English paper.*

A SUBSCRIBER LOST.

The editor of the Connecticut Observer, a valuable religious paper, published at Hartford, says, "that one of the most respectable mercantile houses" in that city had ordered the paper discontinued, because a paragraph had been inserted, containing the ideas suggested in an address of Mr. Hewit, respecting the criminality of distilling and vending ardent spirits! When will "respectable" gentlemen learn to respect themselves?—Neither Mr. Hewit, nor the editor of the Observer, it is to be presumed, will cease from wielding the goad of truth, on account of such "respectable" flinchings from the infliction. One of the most respectable houses! Has the editor of the Observer suffered the loss of but *one* subscriber on this account? What would he say to a list of four or five hundred, including members and officers of high standing in the churches? Our respected contemporary must have recently entered the field, or occupied a favoured portion of it, to have received but one slight wound. We trust he will yet be honoured with many such scars. Let him seek the front ranks, where the battle rages in its glory. Encompassed with clouds of dust and seas of blood, he will not think of pulling splinters out of his fingers.—*Philanthropist.*

Epaminondas, the celebrated Theban general, was remarkable for his love of truth. He never told a lie even in jest.